

Up Yonder In the Corn Shed!

Dang old corn shed,
it's gettin' me down.
Pop-doodle whiskey
and moldy wet ground.

Guess I done went plumb loco,
they all said I would.
So I'm hidin' in the corn shed,
and I'm stayin' here for good.

C My woman, my woman!
H You done me such wrong!
O I'm a Van Gogh with both ears, babe:
R in church I wear a thong.
U Corn shed is my home, now.
S Corn shed is my tomb.
Oh, woman! Oh, woman!
I'll trade my corn shed for you.

The wind ain't no friend
carryin' the stink of the hogs.
My soul's goin' crazy
like loose rollin' logs.

Yeah, my woman was a savior,
savin' my best friend right now.
Oh, I'm howlin' at the moon,
and I'm sleepin' with the cows.

REPEAT CHORUS

Now the townsfolk, they're a-comin',
they say I gotta go.
My corn shed, my corn shed:
Skip-Flappity-Due-Doe!

REPEAT CHORUS

Now I'm hangin' from a rope,
like a bar of old soap.
Whee-doggies, it burns!
Now I'm dead, in an urn.